Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.
Desd. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, I'le come to thee straight.
Desd. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit* Desd. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doest thou say *Iago*?
Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?
Oth. He did from first to last: — Why doest thou aske?
Iag. But for a satisfaction of my thoughts.
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?
Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very often.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? Indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?
Iag. Honest my Lord? *Oth.* Honest? I honest?
Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doest thou thinke?
Iag. Thinke my Lord?
Oth. Thinke my Lord? By heauen he ecchoes me.
As if there were some monster in his thought:
Too hideous to be shewne: thou didst meane something;
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,

When